

## CHARIVARIA.

WHAT MR. LLOYD GEORGE has for a long time been wanting to know is: Why are they called *Friendly Societies*? Well, he knows now.

Some persons, when once they begin to pretend, seem to find it difficult to know where to stop. The Portuguese Pretender has, according to all accounts, only been pretending to fight.

Some recently published statistics show that Denmark possesses only two centenarians. With a view to increasing their number the Danish Government, we understand, intends to institute Old Age Pensions payable at the age of 101.

Congressmen in America, we learn from *The Pittsburg Dispatch*, are entitled to free Turkish baths, free Roman baths, free shower baths, and free shaves. This explains why American politics are so clean.

"Mr. and Mrs. EDWARD CATTERNS, of Sutton (Suffolk), have recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. CATTERNS still wears the same waistcoat he wore on his wedding day." Frankly, while we admire the omniscience of *The Daily Mail*, we fail to see what end is served by circulating petty scandal of this kind.

Commenting on the fact that a certain lady decided in favour of giving a Park to the people of Sheffield instead of having a fine set of jewels for herself, *The Observer* remarks that her name should have been GODIVA. This insinuation that the lady in question usually wears nothing, not even jewels, has, we understand, given grave offence.

Eleven ladies were refused admission to a whist drive at Brooklyn on the ground that they had entered into a conspiracy to cheat. It is only fair to the ladies to say that they did not know that cheating was not allowed.

While the Rev. H. E. WILLIAMS, curate of St. Augustine's, Fulham, was at evening service on Sunday his residence was entered by burglars, furs, silver cups, and money being taken away. This would make some men give up going to church, and it speaks well for Mr. WILLIAMS' grit

that he is, we understand, determined that it shall make no difference to him.

Annoyed at the statement that divorces are more frequent among authors than among other classes, several actors have written to deny indignantly that this is so.

No fewer than two instances of bullocks forcing their way into milliners' shops were reported last week. It is thought that the practice of supplying animals with sun-bonnets during the hot weather has given some of them an appetite for finery.

*The Express* describes a glutton belonging to the Zoological Society as "The Greatest Eater on Earth," and many parents are regretting this

## FACTS WORTH FILING.

(With the usual acknowledgments to our contemporaries.)

IN ALGERIA the horses outnumber the human beings; in Venice it is the other way about.

THE INVENTOR of pyjamas died without realising any considerable fortune from his idea.

AN ORDINARY beer-bottle cork if thrust to the bottom of a bathful of water, will, when released, rapidly come to the surface. This can be tried at home.

THE LONDON sparrow will not, as a rule, attack a man unless provoked.

IN THE BRITISH NAVY the offence of "masquerading in female attire" is not now punishable by death.

WHALEBONE has been suggested as the best material for golf-balls, but nothing has as yet come of the idea.

A GERMAN archaeologist has conclusively proved that there were no railings round the Garden of Eden.

USED WAX MATCHES have little or no commercial value in Iceland.

THE COMMON house-fly can lift nearly eight times its own weight, but it is seldom employed for this purpose in the British Isles.

CORNISH FISHERMEN will refuse to go out with visitors who use rabbits as bait.

BY SUPERSTITIOUS people green figs are considered to be a sign of a severe winter.

"EMIGRATION.—Look what Sacrifice this means; Inld. Rosewood Drwg.-rm. Suite, Cabint. Piano, Table, Wtr Clr Drwngs, Prize Set Fr-irons, Overmtel, Oak Bureau, Bdm. Suite, Hall Std., Crpts, Linos, Blk. & Cprt Bdstda, Wire Mtrss. Gas Stoves, Dng. Table, Lthr. Couch, Arm Chairs, Vowel Washer." *Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

The "Vowel Washer" (if you got as far as that) seems to have had a busy morning.

## The Simple Life.

"Tsen Chun Hsuan, the Viceroy, who has been sent to deal with the rebellion in Szechuan, has been described as an Oriental Kitchener with a penchant for cutting off heads. He is a strong man of simple tastes."—*Daily Chronicle*.

But even men of simple tastes have their little hobbies. With some it is fretwork; with HSUAN it is cutting off heads.



IT IS REPORTED THAT THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF ACROBATS' COMIC ASSISTANTS MAY CALL OUT ITS MEMBERS AT ANY MOMENT. EMBARRASSMENT OF A PERFORMER WHO QUITE EXPECTED TO BE CAUGHT BY HIS COLLEAGUE.

attempt to put little boys on their mettle.

Those who are interested in curious names will be pleased with an advertisement, appearing in *The Daily Mail*, which began as follows:—

## PERSONAL.

Will any Solicitor who has since the year 1900 prepared any Will for the above named deceased, &c., &c.

Speaking to an interviewer on the aims of the new Cavendish Club, the Honorary Secretary said, "We are not admitting clergymen to membership." As the Honorary Secretary is the Rev. H. R. L. SHEPPARD, the situation is decidedly piquant.

"MORE READABLE THAN EVER DESPITE ITS PICTURES," advertises *The Bystander*. Our contemporary is really too modest. In our opinion its pictures are not half bad.

### THE LOYALISTS.

(Suggested by SOUTHEY'S "The Battle of Blenheim.")

[The period is some 55 years hence. Lord HALSBURY, by now a veteran of advanced years, is explaining the crisis of 1911 to two of his remote descendants, christened after the great WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and the famous F. E. SMITH.]

It was an autumn evening.  
Old Die-hard's work was done,  
He had, in fact, attained the age  
Of seven-score years and one;  
And with him chatted at his knee  
His great-great-grandchild, Willoughby.

Upon the floor the latter's twin,  
Young Effie, sat and played  
With something sharp and smooth and fine

And lettered on the blade;  
And asked if it was used in war,  
And what the B.M.G. was for.

"That is the trowel," he replied,  
"With which I was to pat  
The Die-hard Club's foundation-brick,  
Only the scheme fell flat;  
'Tis a memento dear to me  
Of the great age of loyalty."

"But tell us what the letters mean,"  
She asked with eager shout.  
"BALFOUR Must Go," said he, "but why  
I could not well make out;  
But this at least for sure I know  
That anyhow he didn't go."

"And who was BALFOUR, tell us that?"  
"Our noble chief," he said.  
"And was there anyone who wished  
To be the chief instead?"  
"No. Things like that aren't done,"  
said he,

"By men of simple loyalty."

"Dear great-great-grandpa," said the boy,

"Didn't you think it strange,  
If they were all such loyal men,  
That they should want a change?"

"You are too small to grasp," said he,  
"The rules of party loyalty."

"They loved him, oh so well, but thought

He sadly wanted grit;  
They felt that if they kicked him hard  
He might improve a bit."

Said Effie: "Well, it seems to me  
A funny sort of loyalty."

"I am an old man," Die-hard said,  
"But I was younger then,  
And possibly was flattered by  
These loyal gentlemen."

Said Effie: "Still it seems to me  
A funny sort of loyalty."

"Kind words the Duke of MARLBOROUGH  
spoke,  
And our good SELBORNE too."

"But wasn't it," said Willoughby,  
A rotten thing to do?"

"I grant that it was not," said he,  
"The usual kind of loyalty."

But none the less the Chief sat tight  
And never turned a hair."

"And did he thank you," asked the boy,  
For all your loving care?"

"One doesn't want reward," said he,  
For acts of simple loyalty." O. S.

### HOME RULE FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

"North Close," Oct. 22, 1911.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think it would be a ripping idea if you would let me contribute my views on the Home Rule question to your paper. There's so much rot written about schoolboys only thinking of games and grub, that I want to show people we've got views about the Empire a jolly sight more sensible than most of the putrid rot the rotters stick in the papers. There's a fellow in *The Observer*—of course we take in all the best papers—who's allowed three long columns every week and sometimes four, to say just what he likes in. That's what I should like, but as it would take up about five pages in *Punch*, I suppose you would consider it a bit too hefty for a start.

I'm writing this during English hour with the Head. Of course I wouldn't dream of doing it under Old Beefy's nose—that's Mr. Calthrop, our house-master. He's got an eye like a gimlet and can spot you through a brick wall, though now he's married he's not quite the man he was. I always think marriage is a mistake for any ush. It makes him soft.

This Home Rule matter is a bigger thing than most people think—you can take that from me. It's not going to stop with Ireland. When I was a house prefect—I got reduced, you know, over that row with the Head—I could see quite clearly what a ripping idea it is to let men govern the men whose tricks they understand. Do you think there was any ragging or slacking in my preps? You bet not—I'd done most of the tricks myself, so I knew! Let REDMOND take prep. in an Irish Parliament, and he'll know how to keep them in order and make the beggars behave like good little boys.

I said Home Rule's not going to stop with Ireland. Home Rule's what we want. Of course we've got a little of it already in the prefect system, but not enough by a hundred miles. You read an awful lot of rot in the papers about the defects of a public school education, but there's some truth in it, and it's all due to the rotten idea that middle-aged fossils know what's best for boys. Let the middle-aged

footlers make rules for the other middle-aged footlers, say I, and let boys—I mean of course the sensible fellows with a real knowledge of the world—make rules for boys.

Don't you imagine that we'd cut out work altogether, or any rot like that. Work is jolly good discipline for kids, who want their little noses held down to the bally grindstone. But the older fellows—men of the world, you know—ought to be allowed to choose how much time they'll give to work and what subjects they'll go in for. Take my case. My pater wants me to go into Parliament some day, and as he's got the cash we can take that as settled. Now what use is Latin and Greek to me when I get into Parliament? Nowadays they only jeer at you if you try and quote Latin and Greek in the House, like BURKE and MACAULAY and ADDISON and those sort of fellows used to do.

If I had my choice I'd swot at something a jolly sight more useful. I'd have an ush specially to teach us repartee and polite slanging—I mean like knowing how to call a man a bally liar without his being able to object. Of course we know something about repartee already, considering we spend most of our spare time trying to score off one another; but when a grown-up hears it he calls it "rude" or "vulgar." Men's repartee is just the same thing, but it's put in polite language, and I admit ours isn't. For instance, when that sarcastic little scug Ironsides said to me the other day, "I hear Mrs. Beefy is trying to improve your dear little minds at North Close with Sunday readings from DANTE," which is quite true, I replied, "You ought to. Your ears are big enough. When you flap them in chapel you send a draught down our necks like the Piccadilly Tube."

Now I wonder how you'd construe that in parliamentary English?

I hope you'll be able to print this letter, because, for another reason, I could do with a little cash. I've promised to dine my uncle at the Troc. on term-holiday, and I want to do the thing in style. Yours truly,

P. H. ROGERS.

"They ride up silent and unchallenged to the walls, they smile at us the smile of a friend, and without more ado we lower the portcullis."

Morning Post.

Now, we ask—is that the act of a real friend? If the writer had simply raised the drawbridge directly they were in sight or challenged them and told them that they couldn't come any further, we should have said nothing. But this is treachery.



## THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

SCENE.—An Historic Costume Ball.

MR. BALFOUR (as Charles II., to Mr. Austen Chamberlain as James, Duke of York). "WHAT WAS IT I SAID TO YOU SOME TWO OR THREE CENTURIES AGO: 'THEY'LL NEVER KILL ME TO MAKE YOU KING'? STRANGE HOW THE WORDS COME BACK TO ME."

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Macpherson (about to drive at the eighteenth tee, and breaking the silence which has been maintained since the start). "DOR-R-R-MY," Macphail. "CHATTER-R-R-BOX!"

## THE GEORGE EDWARDES BANQUET.

### PORTENTOUS PREPARATIONS.

A FEW further particulars of the dinner to Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES which is being arranged for next month in honour of his completion of twenty-five years' management of the Gaiety Theatre have reached us. We can now definitely assert that the chair will not be taken by Mr. JAY GOULD, as was at one time feared. Who was to be chairman was naturally a question of the gravest importance, and Lord LANSDOWNE, as the head of the majority of the House of Lords (for which Mr. EDWARDES has done so much) was naturally first invited. Circumstances preventing Lord LANSDOWNE, the invitation was passed on to Lord ROSEBURY, who is, it was felt, the one peer with enough eloquence to do justice to the great merits of the genial entrepreneur. Lord ROSEBURY also failing, Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE has consented to officiate and say pretty things about the sacred lamp and all the rest of it.

The other tables will be presided over by Lord ESHER, Herr LEHAR, Herr OSCAR STRAUSS, Mr. LIONEL MONCKTON, Mr. J. L. TANNER, Mr. ADRIAN ROSS, and Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, who has undertaken to keep his "in

a roar." Among the old allies of Mr. EDWARDES who have already promised to attend we may mention the Duchess of Southsea, formerly Miss Ruby Twist; the Countess of Stretth, formerly Miss Lucie Rogue; the Marchioness of Findon, formerly Miss Gladys Hopp; and Lady Bridgeparty, formerly Miss Zena Wunce. It is also hoped to obtain acceptances from such old Gaiety favourites—familiar among the Chorus to all who rented pews in the 'nineties, even if their voices were never heard except more or less in unison—as Miss Lady de Mar, now the Hon. Mrs. Burtty; Miss Carrie Quince, now Lady Stowett; Miss Alumette Bryant, now Mrs. John W. Rosenheimer, of New York; and Miss Rosie Cheeke, now Mrs. Cyrus K. Poodler, of Chicago.

To every guest a souvenir will be given in the shape of a miniature silver statuette of Miss GERTIE MILLAR.

Lord LONSDALE, it is believed, will read a message in Portuguese from KING MANOEL, and the Marquis DE SOVERAL will recite a comic sonnet, of his own composition, in which Mr. EDWARDES is compared to PRINCE HENRY the Navigator.

Various addresses, we understand, will be presented to the hero of the evening. Amongst these special interest attaches to that of the White

Rose Society, in which stress is laid on the fact that Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES is the greatest peeress-maker since CHARLES II.

The Amalgamated Society of Minor Poets have prepared an Ode of Gratitude to Mr. EDWARDES, composed by sixteen writers, and emphasizing the services he has rendered to their cause by the practice of encouraging literary co-partnership.

Another gratifying tribute will be the address presented by a deputation from Brighton, headed by the MAYOR and Corporation, expressing their indebtedness to Mr. EDWARDES for encouraging his companies to recruit their energies at that favourite resort, and thus assisting to revive the splendours of the Regency epoch.

In addition to leading lights of the stage, all the jockeys who have carried Mr. EDWARDES' colours to the winning-post will be present, a saddle of mutton having been ordered for each.

Members of the Press will be invited, with the exception of the representative of *The Westminster Gazette*.

"Played at Gloucester to-day, the teams not having previously met for 29 years. There were several changes on both sides."

*Yorkshire Post.*

Grandfather was very sorry, but he simply couldn't turn out.

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME AUTUMN TOPICS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There's quite a little rage this autumn for *needlework* and *womanliness*, and it's not incorrect to mention *home* now and then. Someone that you know has re-discovered the needle as a feminine weapon with immense possibilities, and *toutes celles-là* have followed suit. It's usual now at calling time to be found with a bit of stitchery in your hands, the plainer the better,—the harmless, necessary hemming is as piquant as anything. In a *tête-à-tête* (and here the real value of the revival comes in) with anyone you're particularly interested in, my dear, a bit of needlework, properly exploited, is simply enormously effective and appealing. For drawing out his mind and winning his confidence, a needle in the hand is worth two cigarettes in the mouth!

"Olga," who is always there or thereabouts, is showing the *sweetest* little afternoon sewing-frocks. She has just made some for me, of which the most convincing, perhaps, is a dove-grey satin-cashmere; *domestic happiness* is indicated by the straight, simple draping and the small embroidered satchel for needles and cottons hanging to the girdle, while elusive touches of crimson-and-gold passementerie hint at the fireside, and the sincere yet subtle arrangement of the corsage-folds means, *I am a woman in whom you may safely confide*.

Wear one of these little frocks, have your hair done *meekly*, bend pensively over your work (it doesn't matter in the least whether you can work or not), speak rather slowly, in the new, soft, needlework-voice, and the chances are that, whoever and whatever he is, he will deliver himself a captive into your hands! It's usual to *frame* the little bit of work one was doing when some particularly momentous confidence was given. For instance, I've framed the bit of hemming I was engaged on when Giovanni Allegretto, of the Italian Staff, a nice boy whose mind I've been forming lately, confided to me as

a secret that his country was going to war. Of course I told everybody, so no one was surprised when it happened.

Stella Clackmannan, next to your own Blanche, has made the greatest success with the cult of the needle. I must own the dear thing looks simply too sweet for words with her sewing-frock on, her hair parted, and her neck gently bent, as she looks demurely down at her great, fearful stitches. Ray Rymington, who's been devoted to her for ages, has committed some verses that begin like this:—

Lady of Mine, Lady of Mine,  
Meekly stitching, with wondrous art

("with wondrous art" is quite lovely, considering *how* she works!),



Mrs. Higgins (witnessing performance of "Hamlet"). "WELL, I CALL THIS A FAIR DO. THESE 'ERE JOKES ARE STALE. I 'EARD 'EM TWENTY YEAR AGO IN THIS SAME PLAY!"

That needle of Thine, that needle of Thine  
Is Love's own dart,  
Piercing my heart,  
Lady of Mine, Lady of Mine.

It's to be published this autumn in his new collection of poems, *Heart Spasms*.

Talking of publishing, *ma chérie*, we often hear of people who live by writing, but did you ever hear of anyone living by *not* writing? That is how the Dowager Lady Needmore lives. She knows all about everyone, is very poor, very clever, very malicious, and has a fearful memory, by which I don't mean that she *forgets* things but that she remembers 'em. When she finds herself very stony, she gives out that the publishers have made her a big offer for her *Memoirs*, if she'll call everybody by their right names, "extenuating nothing and setting down everything in malice," as *Hamlet* says. She says that she can't afford to refuse, and

means to set to work looking out old diaries and letters, and getting her *Memoirs* under way. The people who don't care say *Do!* And the people who *do* care say *Don't!* Upon which the Dowager tells these latter: "Well, you must make it worth my while to *don't*." After a lot of haggling they come to terms, and she goes on for another year or so, when it's *da capo* with the whole performance. And so it comes to pass that the Dowager Needmore lives by *not* writing her *Memoirs*!

The new toque is distinctly sweet. It's of fur, with a little pocket-nest on the top to hold a weeny doggie. You slip the little thingy-thing in, and its little heady-head, looking about, forms the trimming. Pom-pom being black, I wear him in a chin-chilla or ermine toque; Beryl wears her Peki-Peki in a dark sable one.

Ever thine,  
BLANCHE.

## THE SHOW PLACE.

"You do really want to see the house, *honestly*?" asked the guide. The anxiety in his tone showed me that my rôle of sight-seer must have been suffered to lapse somewhat. I hastened to make amends. "Of course," I said; "I was only wondering whether we oughtn't to wait till there was a sufficient party, or anything like that."

He considered me, in the reflective way that guides have, when they happen to be rather less than six years old. "You do say funny things, don't you?" he observed; "I laugh ever so, sometimes."

Then we proceeded. The mansion, over which I was to be conducted, occupied a commanding situation on one corner of the nursery table—what auctioneers would call a well-built family residence, brick faced, standing in its own grounds of bright green, which must have extended fully two inches beyond the walls on every side.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed rapturously as we came in sight of it. "That's—that's something like a house, isn't it?" It was; it was also much more like a large box. Considering, however, that this was not my first view of the



Mrs. A. "THEY SAY YOUR NED'S WANTED BY THE POLICE."

Mrs. B. "WELL, THERE'S NO ACCOUNTIN' FOR TASTES."

property (I had, indeed, in my capacity of honorary uncle, arranged the present lease, through the agency of the Army and Navy Stores, only last birthday), I flatter myself that the surprise and enthusiasm were fairly creditable. Peter, at least, seemed satisfied.

"There!" he said. "Now we go inside." As a matter of fact it was less our going in than the house coming out, by means of a detachable front arrangement that permitted us a generous and comprehensive view of the interior. The guide—or Peter, as you like—was watching me closely for appreciation.

"They won't mind us?" I whispered, indicating the Family, who were obviously in residence at the moment; the noble owner in the dining-room (stretched, I regret to add, under the dining-room table); his lady in the *salon* above stairs; the infant heir enjoying a bath, to which he appeared permanently attached, in the bedroom; and a very large domestic (who presumably slept out) dominating the kitchen. They seemed an unsociable lot. "What I mean is," I added, "it must be such a nuisance having

tourists going all over one's place when one's there oneself."

"They won't mind," said Peter; which, to do them justice, they didn't appear to; their high-bred indifference to our proceedings could hardly have been surpassed in the most aristocratic circles. Peter restored the master of the establishment (who was dressed in a sailor suit and looked young for his responsibilities) to an upright position. "He's got 'digestion,'" he explained charitably, "like you."

"I can well believe it," I said with an involuntary shudder. I was looking at the kitchen, on the table of which stood a made-dish of repellent aspect and at least twice the size of the unhappy sufferer. Something else in the kitchen also struck me. I sniffed once or twice; in a more complex establishment one would have said that the drains wanted looking to. Peter explained. "It used to be *such* a dear little crab when it ran about on the sands," he said reminiscently, "and I brought it home all the way in the train in my pocket, and now it isn't well."

Peter has (I think) the softest and most wonderful eyes in the world.

They were regarding me now so wistfully that I hastened to replace my handkerchief with what was almost an air of guilt. Not for so small a matter must the popularity of an uncle be jeopardised; and somebody in authority was bound to find out about it before long anyhow.

"But it is a nice house, isn't it?" demanded Peter, suddenly forgetting (to my relief) the deceased crustacean and clasping one of my hands in the estatic manner peculiar to him at emotional moments.

"It's perfect," I said, and meant it. "One doesn't know which is the nicest, the kitchen, or the dining-room, or the drawing-room, or the bedroom. Which do you like best?"

Peter considered. "I know which *they* like best," he said decisively, indicating sailor-suit and his spouse.

"Which?" I asked.

"The nursery," he answered with entire confidence. He was already arranging the couple, still to all outward appearance apathetic, about the tin bath. "They must do," he explained, "'cos their little boy lives there."

I apologised.



### THE DIARY OF A CINEMA ACTOR.

*Sunday.* I had hoped to stick to the "legitimate" all my life, but now that that has failed me there seems to be only one thing left for me to do, for I have always been told that I have not enough personality for the halls. To-morrow I start my engagement with the Grand Auto-Bio-Cinematograph Company. It is not quite what I looked forward to when I first went on the boards, but one must earn an honest penny somehow. To-morrow we do "When Father Paid the Rent." Action, of course, is what is wanted in a Cinema play, and there should be plenty of action in this.

*Monday.* A terrible day. I must really go into training.

I called at Mr. Brown's house for the rent at ten o'clock in the morning. Mr. Brown, who has a keen sense of humour, had tied a string across the bottom of the door, and I came in quickly (the essence of the Cinema drama is quick movement) without noticing it—until, that is to say, it forced itself on my attention. Then I picked myself up and turned back to the door in surprise, Jane seizing that moment to come in with the breakfast things. (Very late the Browns breakfast.) Again I failed to notice her until it was too late, and my simulation of anger at receiving the contents of the coffee-jug down my neck was excellent—even without the words, which in a Cinema play are, of course, unnecessary. Hearing the noise Mrs. Brown came in from the kitchen, where she was making the pastry (extraordinary hours the Browns keep) and poured a basin of flour over me—I can only suppose under the mistaken idea that flour removes coffee-stains.

My one thought now was to escape, for I saw by this time that the Browns had no serious intention of paying the rent. The only available exit was the chimney, one of those large old-fashioned ones often seen in country houses. I accordingly made for it, discovered at once that it had not been swept for years, and had got quite half way up before Brown came down from the top and met me. We finished on the hearth-rug together, myself on the underneath berth. As I rose to my feet some instinct seemed to warn me that Brown had chosen this day for having the painters in. My instinct did not play me false; I met them at the window. But it was certainly a surprise to me that he was having his house done with blue paint. The taste for blue paint is an acquired one; even half the large helping I had off the

brush would have convinced me of this.

I am very tired to-night and can only hope to-morrow will not be so strenuous. To-morrow we do "An Interrupted Proposal." It sounds pretty and sentimental, but—well, we shall see.

*Tuesday.* I shall go to bed early to-night—as soon as ever I have written up my diary.

Being told by the maid that Miss Hilda Brown was at home, I followed her into the drawing-room, taking my silk hat with me in case I might be wanted to sit down on it. In a little while Hilda and I were seated side by side on the sofa, holding each other's hands and gazing into each other's eyes. I could have gone on like this for a long time, but, as the manager says, what is wanted is action. Brown came in furiously and stood over us, angrily waving his arms. I implied with a slight gesticulation that my intentions were serious, that I had an income of £500 a year, and that Hilda and I loved one another. Brown answered in dumb show that he was going out to loose the bull-dog. At this Hilda fainted on my top-hat, and I hurried out after Brown with the idea of trying to make the bull-dog think that we had both loosed him, and that the right gentleman was still in the drawing-room. In less than a minute the chase in the garden had begun. In my youth I had been a noted runner, and as the bull-dog was now in his prime the spectators were assured of a good race. At the end of the third lap I was still leading, and by just enough to allow me to jump at an overhanging branch and swing myself out of danger. For a moment I feared a protest from the manager that the new situation—myself sitting on the branch, the bull-dog sitting below—lacked action, but I soon saw that I had no reason for alarm on this point. There was an ominous snapping noise above me, a still more ominous snapping noise below me, and then we were all on the ground together. In the dramatic scene which ensued my representation of The Dying Lion-tamer was, the manager tells me, remarkable. Fortunately at the moment when I seemed to him to be overdoing the part the camera stopped clicking.

To-morrow we do a moving drama, entitled, "Love Laughs at Locksmiths." I am getting a little nervous now about anything connected with love; still more about anything connected with laughs. But I hope for the best.

*Wednesday.* The drama was different from what I expected. My own part in it was small; I had to understudy the heroine in the scene where

she falls into the lake and the hero rescues her. For some reason the heroine didn't think she could make this "go" properly. Dressed in a coat and skirt similar to the one she had been wearing throughout the play, and with my face hidden by a thick veil, I fell into the part at once; but the hero's idea of towing me out again was immature to a degree. He is the worst rescuer I have ever met. As we came up for the third time, I said, "Unless you do something quickly, I shall have to tow you out. It isn't even as if the water were filtered." Thus spurred on, he managed to pull me to shore safely.

The manager says he will write and let me know when he wants me again, but, anyhow, it won't be to-morrow. So I have one day off.

*Thursday.* Spent the morning in bed, and in the afternoon wandered into a picture palace and saw some cinema photographs of growing flowers. Delightful. I spoke to the manager of this palace afterwards and asked if he could give me a job. I fancy myself particularly as a growing lily, though I daresay I should get a good "house" as a crocus unfolding or a laburnum tree bursting into bud. The truth is I am really too old for my other work, and since Fate has turned me into a cinema actor I ought to be looking about for something quiet; this flower business would just suit me. The manager, however, was rather curt about it. Returned home a little disappointed and went to bed.

*Friday.* Got up to find a letter from my own manager asking me to come round at once and play an important part in the new sensational melodrama "Gored by Wild Bisons." It's very nice of him, but I can't quite bring myself to take advantage of his kindness. Of course I *might* be the Wild Bison and do the goring, but I think it is more likely that I should be the gentleman who has the goring done to him. Telegraphed my refusal, therefore, and returned to bed.

*Saturday.* Permanently in bed.

A. A. M.

### Morality and the Stage.

Complaint is made by a dramatic critic that there is no rake on the stage at Covent Garden. Why doesn't he try the other side of the river?

"We are pleased to think that Lady Macbeth in a different environment might have been a great saint instead of a great singer."

Bradford Daily Telegraph.

We prefer the *Lady Macbeth* of "Oh, dry those tears!" and "The Garden of Sleep."





"ARE THERE DRAGONS, MOTHER?"

"OH, NO, DEAR."

"WHY NOT?"

### THE INDOMITABLES.

*A melancholy exercise in the manner of the admirable and persevering "Truth."*

I TAKE this opportunity of warning my readers against Mr. Lazarus Moss, of 493, Jermyn Street Chambers, who is ostensibly a reasonable lender of money to young gentlemen in monetary difficulties, but is really a blood-sucking spider into whose toils it is dangerous to be drawn. Mr. Moss is, I need hardly say, the most philanthropic of men, and is prepared to advance sums up to any amount on note of hand only. Having my suspicions aroused, I have been to the congenial trouble of inquiring into Lazarus's past, and I find that he is none other than our old friend, Samuel Harris, who was, if you remember, unmasked in the issue of this paper for March 8, 1878, and was there shown to be a recrudescence of the notorious Haman Levi, whose ingenious practices for fleecing young aristocrats were detailed in our issue of September 4, 1872. This man's real name is Henry Biggs, who, for some years before he took to money-lending, was the champion begging-letter writer of the Midlands.—February 9, 1884.

The blood-sucking scoundrel, Lazarus Moss, of whom I had something to say in the issue of February 9, 1884, is still at his old game, and the gilt-edged youth who wish to raise the needful quickly at several hundred per cent. have no occasion to go further afield than 40A, Curzon Street Mansions, where he sits in a handsome office dictating letters on note-paper announcing that he has no connection with any firm of the same name. Let no one, however, be deceived, for this Lazarus Moss is the identical Lazarus Moss (whose real name is Biggs), against whom I have already frequently warned my readers.—June 10, 1887.

A correspondent writes to me complaining of the money-lending circulars which he has received from many firms, the chief offenders being Messrs. Chetwynd and Co., 189, Piccadilly Court. He asks me what he should do. There are only three things to do. One is to ask for an injunction against Chetwynd and Co. to restrain them from pestering you; which would be a very expensive luxury. Another is to return the letter in an envelope without a stamp; and the third is to tear it up and forget it. A few inquiries which I have caused to

be made have established the fact that Chetwynd and Co. are no other than the irrepressible Lazarus Moss, *alias* Haman Levi, *alias* Samuel Harris (who was once Biggs, the begging-letter writer of Edgbaston), against whom I have already done my best to warn readers.—October 23, 1891.

Once again it is my duty to call attention to the case of those usurious Shylocks, Chetwynd and Co. (*alias* Lazarus Moss, *alias* Haman Levi, *alias* Samuel Harris), whom I last pilloried in the number for October 23, 1891. In spite of all I said then and formerly, they continued their malpractices and are now as flourishing as ever; but a recent transaction, of which I have all the facts, should be their last. Suffice it to say that they have been dealing upon incredible terms with a minor who has, for them, the unfortunate merit of being nearly related to a Judge. What the sequel will be time alone can show; but I feel fairly confident that Chetwynd and Co., under whatever name they may assume, will have to choose either another line of business or another country to pursue it in.—December 8, 1895.

In our issue for December 8, 1895,



WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE LATEST SCHEME OF THE WAR OFFICE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY IS THE FORMATION OF A "VETERAN RESERVE" COMPOSED OF ALL WHO HAVE AT ANY TIME BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE REGULAR OR AUXILIARY FORCES. OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, GLANCING INTO THE FUTURE, SENDS A PICTURE OF ONE OF THESE PATRIOTS, WHO, ON THE ORDER FOR MOBILISATION, UNDETERRED EVEN BY AN ATTACK OF GOUT, IS SEEN SUPERINTENDING THE TRANSPORT OF A FEW SIMPLE NECESSITIES.

I drew attention to a singularly audacious financial transaction on the part of a firm of money-lenders calling themselves Chetwynd and Co., whom I had proved to be no other than Lazarus Moss, Samuel Harris, and Haman Levi, all previously attacked in this paper, and all pseudonyms of the infamous Biggs. Nemesis, I thought then, had a rod in pickle; but I seem to have been mistaken, for I have discovered that Mr. Vandyck Sturmer, of 241, Duke Street, St. James's, who is so freely papering London and the provinces with his offers for instant accommodation on the easiest terms, comprises in himself all these old friends of ours. Well, I can do no more than issue my warning, and once again I caution my readers against having any dealings with this audacious swindler, who would extract blood from a stone with more ease and success than any apparatus ever invented by Mr. Edison.—January 14, 1901.

A correspondent in Rugby has sent me an account of his son's dealings with a London money-lender that are

so extraordinary in character as to cause even me—accustomed as I am to revelations of this kind—to blush for my fellow-creatures. It appears that the young man, as young men will, became involved and had recourse to a financier whose circulars he had often received, a certain Marcus Swithin, of 301, Sackville Street Chambers, who turns out to be none other than the usurer whom from time to time I have exposed in this paper under various aliases, the last of which was Vandyck Sturmer. The rate of interest demanded was no less than 400 per cent., of which a large portion has been paid. I have strongly advised the boy's father to see that no more is paid, and to call in the aid of the law to insist upon the refunding of what has already passed into Swithin's hands.—April 20, 1908.

P.S.

From *The Christian Commonwealth*, November 8, 1911:—

Biggs.—On the 5th, at 204, Hamilton Terrace, N.W., Henry Biggs, in his 89th year. Dearly beloved and much respected. No flowers, by request.

#### Another Feat of Endurance.

"A. C. Lee twice accomplished the fourteenth hole (measuring 294 yds.) of the West Essex Golf Course, last Saturday."—*Peking Times*.

And got the ball right into the little tin at the end? No! However long did it take him?

"A marriage prohibition decree has been announced at Samoa, writes the British Vice-Consul, forbidding unions between whites and natives, whites and half-caste class-natives, whites and half-caste classed as natives, half-castes and half-castes classed as natives, and between half-castes and natives."

*Bloemfontein Post.*

We have repeated this correctly and demand the bag of nuts.

"After a minute or two United's goal was a sort of Ladysmith, and it was all hands to the pump for United."—*Sheffield Sports Special*.

"How we kept the powder dry at Ladysmith."

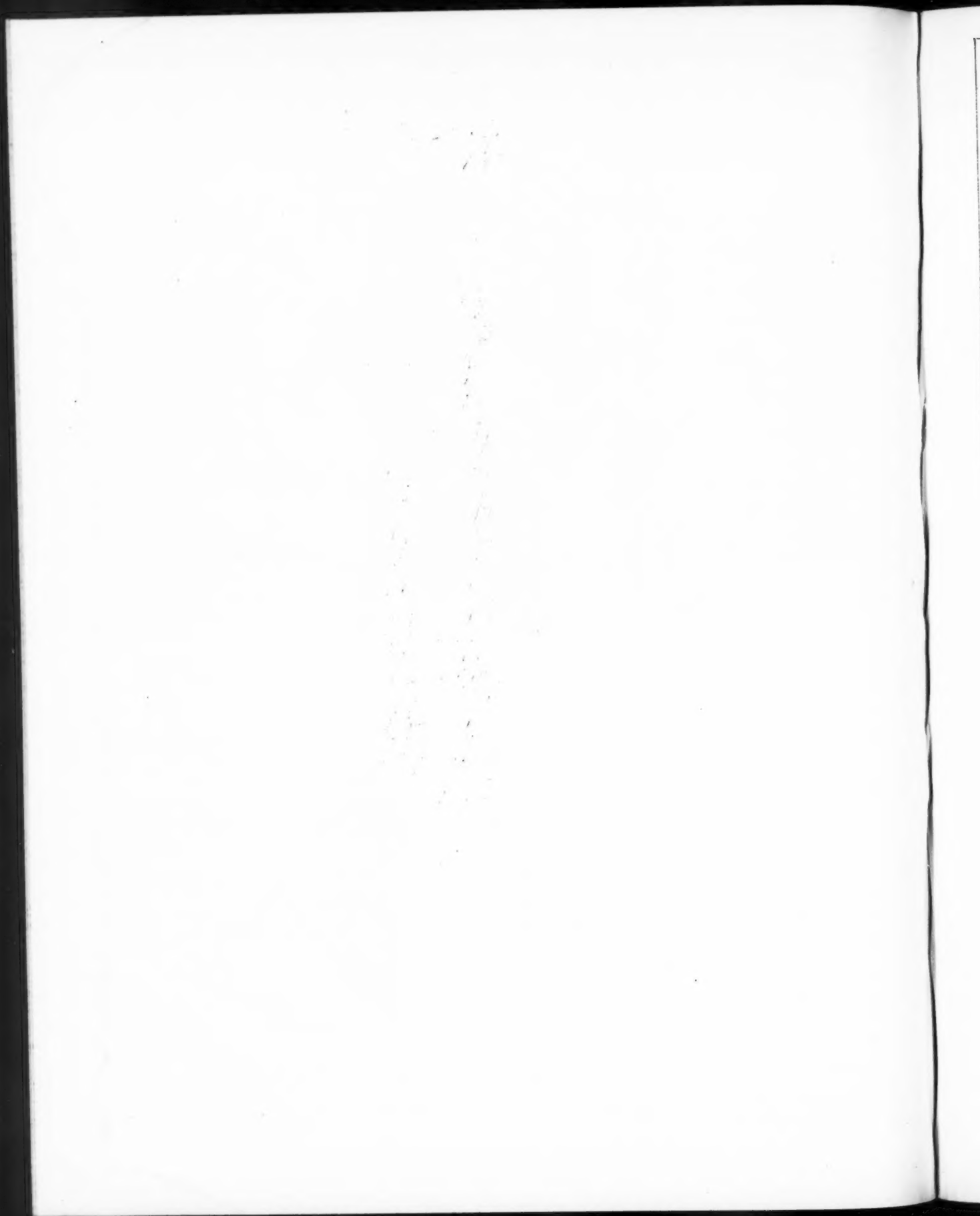
"White flannel pyjamas. Gentlemanly stripes."—*Advt. in "Daily Mail."*

Pyjamas with really gentlemanly stripes generally speak of themselves as "slumberwear." It is more genteel.

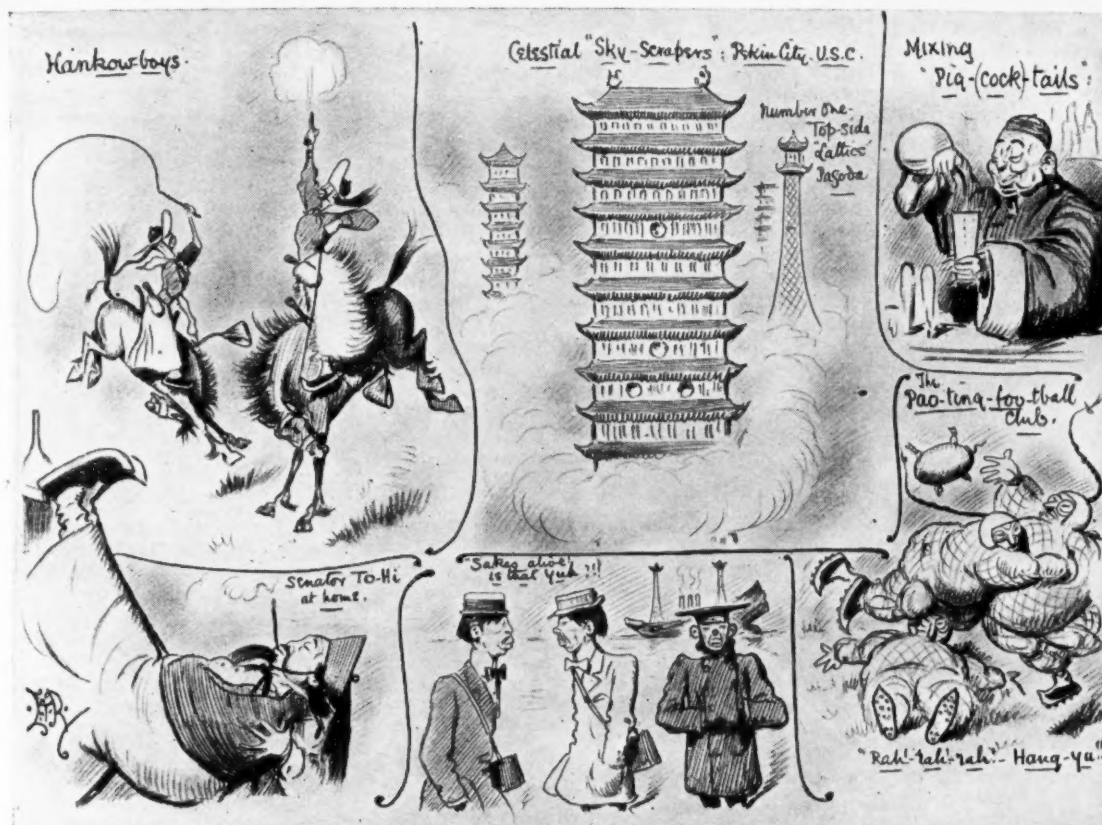


**"THE HEATHEN CHINESE IS PECULIAR."**

ITALIAN OFFICER (reading news from China). "A WAR WITH A BATTLE! THAT LOOKS LIKE BAD MANAGEMENT."







### IF CHINA WERE AMERICANISED.

"The idea is to model China on the plan of the United States. . . . If the revolution succeeds the world will be astounded at the revolutionaries' genius for organisation."—An interview in "The Morning Post."

#### A QUESTION OF VALUE.

[It is declared in some quarters that 30 years or more must elapse before the great Land Valuation can be completed.]

I own a plot (or hereditament),  
Fenced in by battered rails and rusty wire,  
Some rods (or poles or perches) in extent,  
In summer mostly dust, in winter mire;  
This I let out on hire,  
And therein parsnips lie in ill-made beds  
And sundry cabbages uprear their heads.

Not to be coveted, my little plot.  
No Eligible Building Site, alas!  
In fact, the man who'd hit on such a spot  
To build a house would be a silly ass.  
But let such trifles pass;  
It's mine entirely, if it is absurd,  
This hereditament (I love that word!).

And this announcement (see above my mem.)  
Fills me with pain and disappointment, too;  
When will they value my Estate (ahem!)  
If this is how they mean to muddle through?  
No, it will never do!  
In thirty years I may be dead and gone;  
I'm youngish yet, but still I'm getting on.

I want to see how well my name will look  
When written large (it would, of course, be big)  
In that, the second, greater Domesday Book,  
With, it may be, a Diagram or Fig.;  
If I should fail to dig  
(Through early death, we'll say) a road to fame,  
I want at least to leave behind a Name.

And if I live I want things managed so  
That men years hence may have the chance to bring  
Their homage to the proper place, and know  
The spot from which their Monument should spring;  
I seem to see the thing,  
A graceful column, carved about the base—  
"The Poet, J. J. Jones, once owned this place."

And more, I yearn, I really yearn, to see  
With how much justice Valuers hold the scales;  
What worth, in their opinion, there may be  
In these few yards of dirt and shattered rails,  
A holding which entails  
Upon its owner (as I've said, it's mine)  
An average annual loss of 3s. 9d.

#### Perils of the Back-to-the-Land Policy.

"It has been found in Warwickshire that the development of allotment gardening is seriously affecting the attendance at football matches."  
*Daily Express.*

### LORD HARTINGTON.

(REMINISCENCE EXTRACTED FROM THE  
DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

MR. BERNARD HOLLAND properly gives to his monumental work published by LONGMANS the title "Life of the Duke of Devonshire." It was, however, as Lord HARTINGTON that one of the chief pillars of the State during the latter half of QUEEN VICTORIA's reign was known to the people, a title that comes more readily to tongue and pen. Mr. HOLLAND brought to the accomplishment of his task a personal knowledge of its subject, with whom he was during two important years associated as Private Secretary. He has made profound study of the historic times in which Lord HARTINGTON played a leading part. The result appears in the most valuable addition to English biographical literature made since the appearance of Lord MORLEY's "Life of Gladstone," of which it is in large measure the complement. On page 407 of the first volume there is a slip of pen or printer's stick so obvious as to be immaterial. But to old Parliament men it is delightfully incongruous. It credits "Mr. CALDWELL" with the system of Army Reform established between the 'sixties and the 'eighties of last century. Of course, for CALDWELL we read CARDWELL, and pass on.

Towards the close of his life, when he had come into the dukedom, Lord HARTINGTON, taking the undergraduates at Cambridge University into his confidence, made a striking remark. "All through life," he said, "I have had to work with men who thought three times as quick as I do, and I have found this a great disadvantage." It may be true, but his slow process of thought invariably led him to the right conclusion. Through a long series of crises, of common importance but of varied character, Lord HARTINGTON without exception came to what proved to be a sound conclusion.

Some of the colleagues with whom he worked were men of brilliant parts, eloquent in ordered speech, sparkling in conversation, equally capable of moving the masses and charming the social circle. Lacking possession of these gifts, Lord HARTINGTON was a man of supremely sound judgment, one to whom his audience closely listened, whose advice they pondered over. As a public speaker he did not create immediate effect. He had not a pleasant voice and scorned approach to elocutionary art. He belonged to the class whose speeches are more effective when read than when spoken. Reading the many extracts Mr. HOLLAND gleans from

speeches delivered in the House of Commons (most of which I heard) one is struck by their lucidity and force. These qualities shine throughout the correspondence largely quoted.

The great perplexity of Lord HARTINGTON's public career was Mr. GLADSTONE. "I can never understand him in conversation" he forlornly wrote to Lord GRANVILLE on the eve of final separation. Admiring his Titanic genius, distrustful of his own capacity, he was instinctively inclined to follow his leader, and was constantly pulled up by finding himself among the breakers. The consequence was that he fell into the habit of what is known in domestic service



LORD HARTINGTON.

"Patiently trudged along."

as "giving notice." The letters written to his chief, in which he either threatens resignation or tenders it, are models of well-reasoned perspicacity.

Lord HARTINGTON was a Minister of the Crown *malgré lui*. Constitutionally indolent, he hankered after the leisure and the pleasures of a country gentleman's life, with Newmarket thrown in. But the supremely dominant force with him was a sense of duty. As he was more than once reminded when the strain of Ministerial life seemed too heavy to bear, the CAVENDISHES have always taken a leading part in affairs of State, and it did not become their latest descendant, heir to their name and estate, to walk apart. Lord HARTINGTON accordingly bent his sturdy shoulders under the yoke and patiently trudged along, hauling his burden with a groaning of the spirit hidden from the looker-on

but revealed in some pathetic passages of his correspondence and conversation.

His greatest sacrifice was made when he reluctantly undertook the thankless post of Leader of a distraught Opposition left in a hopeless minority. A condition of their servitude, more strictly enforced in those old-fashioned days than is now the case, was that the Leader on either side of the Table was expected to be in constant attendance from the time the SPEAKER took the Chair till the welcome cry, "Who goes home?" rang through the Lobby. That was a discipline hateful to Lord HARTINGTON's nature. Like CHARLES LAMB at the India Office, he was sorely tempted to make up for arriving late by going away early. He never over-mastered the passion for unpunctuality. It was characteristic of him that, when still a young Member lately appointed to the War Office and having in hand the task of introducing a departmental Bill, he arrived so late that, the Order of the Day being called on, one of his colleagues was hurriedly put up to talk against time till the dallying Minister strolled in.

Habitually arriving late, he never attempted to hide his delinquency by furtive entry from behind the SPEAKER's Chair. With right hand in his pocket, swinging his hat in his left, he walked the full length of the floor, to be seen of all men. Once arrived and condemned to a long, frequently a tedious, sitting, he remained at his post with head thrown back, hat tilted over his nose, both hands in his pockets, a monument of silent uncomplaining martyrdom. Thus he sat on the historic night when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, rising from the Radical camp below the Gangway, hailed him, amid raucous cheering, as "Late the Leader of the Liberal Party." Had the taunt been addressed to a stone image it would not have led to less perceptible change of countenance.

A tower of strength to any Administration in which he served, Lord HARTINGTON's value as an asset was—if paradox be permitted—lessened by his implacable honesty. Not a party man, he was unselfishly loyal to his Party. But there was a limit beyond which neither personal friendship nor political advantage could drag his foot. It was marked by conviction that the proposed step was lacking in honourable purpose or that it was hostile to the truest interest of the country. No British statesman of modern or ancient times had a purer record than Lord HARTINGTON. His life was twice blessed. In action he did the State high service. At rest he leaves behind a memory inspiring to his successors.

### A SUSPICIOUS CASE.

I HAD read every article in *The Outsider* (and my own contribution twice) and yet I felt that I could not leave it and go to bed. I had not enough energy to stop reading; I was too lazy to give up the habit of going on. So I went very methodically through all the advertisements and in particular learnt all the best that could be said for Blank & Co.'s Bond Street Cigarettes. Then I put the paper down and leant back in my chair. Then I leant forward again and resumed my reading. You have often felt exactly like that, haven't you?

Eventually I found myself going stolidly through the same old advertisement. "All right," said I, in an irritable and offended voice, "I'll smoke the darned things, if I've got to," and I noted the address.

I have lied frequently and without scruple in the columns of the press, but I assure you that what follows is the solemn truth.

"Would you not like one to smoke now, Sir?" said the man behind Blank and Co.'s counter, as he tied the parcel up.

"Look here," I answered, "you've made me buy this box of cigarettes; I do think you might let me smoke them when I like."

"One out of our box, Sir," and he proffered the tin and lit a match, and was very careful that the fumes of the sulphur should not incommode me.

"Come," said I, helping myself, "this is real handsome. I shall come here again."

"If you are going to be a regular customer," he whispered seductively, "won't you avail yourself of our splendid offer?" Meanwhile he toyed with a little cigarette case.

"Old man," I retorted sharply, "don't you think that, just because you have got on my soft side once, I am as simple as I look. You don't do me like that."

I believe that if I had called him an oppressor of the poor and robber of the unalert to his face he would only have shaken his head and smiled firmly. He explained that I had only got to order and pay for five hundred cigarettes, and I should get the silver (he called it silver) case thrown in.

I thought hard. "I spot it," I cried triumphantly; "I shall have to buy your eight-and-sixpence-a-hundred instead of your six-shilling-a-hundred cigarettes. You will slip behind a screen and put five hundred of the same cigarettes in another box, with purple ribbon on it. Five half-crowns (the difference) come to twelve-and-six.



"DO YOU WANT ALL THESE FINANCIAL NEWSPAPERS AND MONEY MARKET MAGAZINES KEPT? THEY MAKE THE ROOM SO UNTIDY."

"No; I've finished with 'em. SEND 'EM TO THE WORKHOUSE; THEY'RE GLAD OF NEWSPAPERS THERE."

The case costs you something under eight shillings, and the purple ribbon doesn't count. There! I told you I was no fool."

No. It was not that. I could have five hundred of the six-shillings-a-hundred at the price of six shillings a hundred. Moreover, as long as I paid for them then, I could take them when and how I liked, one at a time, if I was that way inclined.

"Then I shall not get the case?" I said.

"You will get the case, Sir," he asserted.

"Then I shan't really get the cigarettes?" I pressed.

"You will get the cigarettes, Sir," he protested with patient emphasis.

"I don't like your persistent honesty. Let me see the hall-mark."

He showed me the hall-mark. It was peculiarly all right, and Blank and Co.'s name did not appear to be dragged into the matter. Moreover, the man demonstrated to me rather forcibly that it was not the fact of getting my thirty bob now, instead of having to wait a month or two for it, that induced them to do this thing. "Then



I understand," I said, "though I cannot quite see how, that when I produce the case to a friend it will burst out in coloured lights and flash the legend 'Smoke and Enjoy Blank and Co.'s Bond Street Cigarettes.'"

But no: it was not even that.

When one gets as far as I had got in an argument with a shopman, one has of course lost. In the end I left with the first hundred cigarettes in my hand, and in my ear his ringing promise to have the case ready, duly monogrammed. "We shall see you again in the morning, then, Sir?" he concluded blithely.

"Get along with you," said I. "You know quite well that you will have bolted with the cash by then."

"Good evening, Sir," he laughed.

you miserable. What with the certainty that you have been done by the Company, and the impossibility of finding out how, and what with the wild hope (which you know to be desperate even as you hope it) that you have done the Company, you would get so irritable that even the five hundred excellent cigarettes, smoked on end, would not calm you.

I did make one more attempt to get at the truth. "Friend," I said, calling on him at his shop, "it is now your turn to avail yourself of my splendid offer. Here is another thirty bob. It is yours on one small condition. I have smoked the last cigarette of the last row of each box, and they were all up to sample. The thirty bob is yours and secrecy guaranteed, if you will tell

### THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

"In any case the cat is a stray," remarked Reginald, "and a hideous stray at that."

"Yes, dearest," replied his wife, "but it's a cat, and as such appealed to both of us when it crept into the scullery door that snowy night last February."

"Kindly remember, Mabel, I was against your letting it in," returned Reginald.

"You may have been," she replied; "I also remember you were the one to warm the bread and milk for it and give it one of your flannel shirts to sleep on. You were also the one to—"

"Pray let us be reasonable. We've only tolerated it because we're sorry



### FRIEZE FOR THE SHINGLESEA TOWN HALL.

TO COMMEMORATE THE GLORIOUS AND PROLONGED SUMMER SEASON OF 1911.

"Good-bye," I answered bitterly.

However, there he was next morning, with the case ready for me.

"And the other four hundred cigarettes we will send you from time to time, as you order them?"

"I will take them all now," I declared suddenly, and watched his face narrowly. No ghastly pallor on his cheeks, no blue at the lips, no sign of the villain foiled, not even a wince!

"It is no good," I said; "I see that I have got to be done. Probably you have been sitting up all night doing something to my four hundred; taking the tobacco out of the paper, or putting cheap paper round the tobacco." And with that we parted.

I do not give you the address, though you could easily find it for yourself by trying every shop in Bond Street, for one reason because we do not advertise in this part of the paper, and for the other because, if I did and you went and did likewise, it would only make

me where the catch is. For that there is a catch in it somewhere you know as well as I."

The man said there was no catch in it, smiled happily, refused the thirty bob and offered me another cigarette out of the Company's box.

"Mr. Giles was formerly employed in London both as a booking-office clerk and as a dramatic critic. He knew Miss Madge Robertson (afterwards Mrs. Kendall), David Garrick, and Sothorn."—*Daily Sketch*.

GARRICK'S famous *bon mot* about the South-Eastern Railway was, in fact, first made to Mr. GILES.

"Mr. Wood, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Wood have been entertaining at Hengrave this week for shooting the Marquess and Marchioness Douro, Viscount and Viscountess Deerpur, Lord and Lady Bateman, Mrs. Montagu Tharp, Miss Beare, Lieutenant Eyres-Monsell, M.P., and Mrs. Eyres-Monsell, Mr. Quilter, M.P., Mr. Bevan, and Mr. Jack Wood."—*The Times*. A fairly useful bag.

for the ugly little brute; but now, as you can't find a home for it, our only possible course is to have it destroyed before the place is swarming with kittens, all resembling their mother, only more so."

"We could drown them," said Mabel; "at least, you could."

"Thanks," said Reginald coldly.

"Well, the greengrocer's boy would do it for threepence."

"No doubt; but you know, when it came to it, you'd never let him."

Mabel did not reply, but scratched the scraggy back of the object under discussion with the point of her slipper instead. It was an ugly cat, with a large pink nose, no chin to speak of, a crafty pair of eyes, and a coat that had probably seen better days.

"The best thing to do," said Reginald, "is to tell the chemist to give it a dose of prussic acid."

"I wouldn't for worlds," replied Mabel; "prussic acid hurts awfully."



No, the only *kind* thing to do is to send it to a lethal chamber, and let the poor thing sleep out of one world into another. But in either case it's sheer murder."

"Well, do that," said Reginald; "I'll risk being hanged."

"I think you are frightfully callous and selfish," said his wife. "Although you claim a future existence for yourself and deny it to animals, you destroy their one little life without any compunction, but set a ridiculous value on your own, although you have got another to follow."

"Well, take your choice of the two methods," he said indifferently, "but I should think the chemist's would be handier."

"No, it isn't, as a matter of fact," replied Mabel, "because Dunham the Vet. has a lethal chamber for cats, and all you have to do is to send him a postcard asking him to fetch them away."

"Then do that," said her husband, as he prepared to start for the City. "only remember," he added authoritatively over his shoulder, "*I wish it done.*"

"Very well, dear," said Mabel, and set to work to write the postcard, but found the drawing-up of the death-warrant no easy matter, for she had not the heart to say she wanted the cat destroyed in so many words. In the end she compromised by addressing it to Mr. Dunham, The Lethal Chamber, High Street (Local), and asking him to fetch the cat away that afternoon. Then, leaving half-a-crown with the maid to defray the charge, she went up to town, hoping that a *matinée* might divert her mind from the tragedy.

"The boy fetched it this afternoon," she said reproachfully to Reginald later in the day; "I was out, but he took it in a basket, and said there was no charge. I think Mr. Dunham is a humane man and a credit to his sex."

"So do I," said Reginald with heartless gaiety; but he missed the cat, all the same, and it was quite a week before Mabel recovered her usual spirits. Still, lots of things happened that summer—two weddings in the family, then the Coronation, and after that their summer holiday, which was really like a second honeymoon, until one morning a letter arrived bearing a half-penny stamp and with the flap folded inside.

"I told them *not* to forward circulars," grumbled Reginald.

"I don't think it's a circular," said his wife, "it looks like a bill."

Reginald frowned and opened it. It was a bill, and read thus:—



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

"Sam'l. Dunham, Veterinary Surgeon,  
M.R.C.V.S.

To	£	s.	d.
One cat, full board (March 31 to July 31) ...	2	4	0
4 kittens, ditto (April 30 to July 31) ...	2	8	0
	£4	12	0

A remittance will oblige."

"What does this mean?" said Reginald fiercely, pushing the document across the table.

"I don't know," said his wife, pushing it back, "unless," she added thoughtfully, "he didn't put our poor pussy in the lethal chamber after all."

"But you wrote and told him to?"

"Well, as far as I remember, I told him in my postcard to fetch the cat away, and addressed it to the lethal chamber. I didn't say 'destroy it,' in black and white, because I hadn't the heart to, but I thought he'd understand what I meant. Now I see why there was no charge."

"No charge!" howled Reginald. "Is £4 12s. 0d. no charge? That's what your soft-heartedness is going to cost me. Do you know I've been keeping

that rat-tailed animal and its progeny for all these months, because you are pleased to have so much consideration for a cat and so little for my pocket?"

"I think we have been done," said Mabel calmly. "He probably *did* kill the cat and he's trying to swindle you. I shouldn't pay."

"I won't!" thundered Reginald, "I'll fight it!" and he wrote to Mr. Dunham to that effect. Mr. Dunham however replied that he had now destroyed all the animals, was sorry the mistake had occurred, but must insist on payment, and was always prepared for litigation.

In the end a compromise was effected. The Vet. took three guineas and Mabel went without another new (and unnecessary) muslin frock. Reginald said he thought it would be a lesson to her. She quite agreed, and got the frock a fortnight later.

Answer to correspondent in *The Star*:

"To row your existence with your eye firmly fixed on some definite goal instead of just drifting is wise."

True; but then it's so difficult to row that way round.

### THE HALSBURY CLUB.

THE weekly meeting of the Halsbury Club was held yesterday at the new Moridure Hall specially re-named by the Club for this purpose. There were present, amongst others, Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P., Lord MILNER, Lord SELBORNE, Mr. J. L. GARVIN, Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., and Mr. LEO MAXSE (guest). Members of the Press were not admitted, but our own special investigator has supplied us with the following account of the proceedings:—

*Lord Milner.* Where's HALSBURY—er—I beg pardon—where is our revered President?

*Mr. Austen Chamberlain.* No doubt the old buster—tut, tut, how silly I am!—no doubt our noble friend, never more noble than in this time of trial, will be here as soon as his numerous and important engagements permit. In the meantime I suggest that the Secretary—(at this moment a loud shout of "What cheer, boys!" was heard outside, the door was violently opened, a big drum and a policeman's helmet were flung into the room, and were immediately followed by Lord HALSBURY tastefully attired as a boy scout. The noble Earl, having turned three cartwheels and four somersaults, alighted on the wooden circumference of the drum and trundled it round the room with his feet. He then sprang lightly on to Lord SELBORNE's shoulders, kissed his hand to the assembled Die-Hards, and popped off safely on to Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's lap, and so into the Presidential chair.)

*Lord Halsbury.* That knocks 'em, I don't think—eh what?

*All (enthusiastically).* What a boy it is!

*Mr. Leo Maxse (in a frenzy of admiration).* B.M.G.! B.M.G.!! B.M.G.!!! Oh, what it is to be alive and in England! Oh, the traitors, the double-distilled, disloyal, bloodthirsty, venomous, lickspittle, mean-spirited, thrice damnable traitors! B.M.G.! B.M.G.! Show me the scuttlers! Let me get at the shufflers! I'll cut their hearts out! I'll massacre them! Oh, oh, oh!!! (He foams at the mouth and falls on the floor.)

*Mr. F. E. Smith (jealously, to Lord SELBORNE).* Pretty trick, isn't it? He does it with a bit of soap, you know.

*Mr. J. L. Garvin.* This is stupendous. But where in the world did you get the drum and the helmet?

*Lord Halsbury.* Took the drum from a Salvation Army band. Drummer objected. Bagged his wind, bowled him over, and away I went with his drum. Policeman interfered. Bagged his helmet, and here I am.

*All (ecstatically).* What youth! What exuberance! What innocent animal spirits! Was there ever such a boy!

*Mr. Austen Chamberlain (impressively).* Lord HALSBURY teaches us all a lesson.

*Lord Halsbury (from the Chair).* Now then, boys, business, business. WILLOUGHBY, old son, we'll take your blessed minutes as read. Is there anything more? I'm playing half back for the Peckham Scorchers this afternoon, so I can't stay long.

*Mr. George Wyndham.* I've a little thing here on "Ronsard and the Unionist Party." May I read it to the Club? It won't take a quarter of an hour.

*Lord Halsbury.* Who's Ronsard?

*Mr. George Wyndham.* Oh, well, Ronsard, you know—

*Lord Halsbury.* We'll hear all about him next time. Anything more?

*Lord Willoughby de Broke.* We've got to pass our usual vote of confidence in the Mandarins—ahem, I mean our great leaders, Mr. BALFOUR and Lord LANSDOWNE. Who'll propose it this time?

*Mr. Leo Maxse (faintly, from the floor).* I will. B.M.G.! B.M.G.!

*Lord Willoughby de Broke.* Who'll second?

*Mr. Austen Chamberlain (with determination).* I will.

*Lord Halsbury.* Right! Passed with acclamation. Catch! (He lobs the inkstand gracefully to Lord SELBORNE, who misses it). Butter-fingers! Oh, by the way, I think I ought to tell you the story of why I made GRANTHAM a judge. It's a splitter. (He tells it, and the meeting is dissolved in laughter.)

### THE TWO HOUSES.

"HILLVIEW" is my villa (or "Woodside,"

I always forget which is mine);

They stand in Dene Road, on the good side,

The first of their line.

The rest of the road is a huddle

Of masons and mortar and muddle;

The opposite path is a puddle,

But ours is quite firm, when it's fine.

I can go up to town by the G.C.,

Which runs at the top of the road;

But it also is equally easy

To leave my abode

And walk in the other direction

To catch the Great Western connection;

There is nothing to sway my selection,

And that is the cause of this ode.

On returning at night from the City

(A thing I invariably do)

I behold, with a pang of self-pity,

"Woodside" and "Hillview."

I am hungry, and hence my emotion;

They're as like as two drops in the ocean,

And I haven't the foggiest notion

As to which is my own of the two.

If the route up to town were not double,

My house would be second, or first,

From the Station, thus stopping the trouble

With which I am cursed;

But my memory's really so rotten

That I've always completely forgotten

If I caught the 6.12 to Hill Wotten,

Or the 6.17 to Wood Hurst.

And to me all such names as "Fernhollow,"

"Fairhazel," "Poldune," or "Tremunse"

Seem alike; I suppose it must follow

That I am a dunce,

That my mind what it meets barely skims on;

But I'll get my house painted bright crimson,

And I'll give it my own name, "James Simson,"

And then I shall know it at once.

### A Chinese Puzzle.

We have not told our readers much about the Chinese army yet. Well, let us begin this week.

"Altogether 28 divisions have been formed, or are in process of formation; but it is understood that only ten are complete. These ten are numbered from one to nine, except No. 7, which is in arrears." *Morning Post.*

"The advent of real geese which will appear in Humperdinck's 'Königskinder,' is anticipated with considerable interest. These birds are now undergoing a special training for the event. Their *métier* will be to follow the goose-girl and to quack as little as possible. Geese are not remarkable for any special intelligence."—*Standard.*

True, but they are probably intelligent enough to know that they are not ducks.



Old Doctor (who has been gossiping for three-quarters of an hour), "WELL, WELL, I MUST BE GOING. I'VE GOT TO VISIT AN OLD LADY IN A FIT."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HYNDMAN'S *Record of an Adventurous Life* (MACMILLAN) is handicapped by three false starts. In a preface accounting for the appearance of the book he calls in aid the venerable excuse of the "pressure of friends" inducing him to write it. In his opening sentence we find a cheap jocosity: "There is every reason to believe I was born at 7, Hyde Park Square, on the 7th of March, 1842; though birth, being the most important incident in the life of men, is precisely that which none of them can remember, and I am of course no exception to the rule." Referring to "my dear old friend Michael Davitt," he turns aside to inquire, "What would the Hyndmans of old time have said of such friendship!" Well, *noblesse oblige*. Mr. HYNDMAN tells us his grandfather was a slave-running planter in the West Indies, and might have been fastidious in respect of the choice of his grandson's companions. Having known DAVITT publicly and privately I should say the grandson was honoured by the acquaintance of a gentleman of chivalrous nature and charming manners. These banalities apart, and his political views not taken too seriously, Mr. HYNDMAN has written a book of considerable human interest. Like Ulysses, he has travelled much. Many cities has he seen, and his range of acquaintance with men of the last half-century is wide and various. Of his politics it may suffice to say that he speaks of the occupation of Egypt as "a monstrous conquest"; of the action of a Government confronted by the conspiracy of the Land League and the episode of the murder of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH as "intolerable tyranny"; and of the administration that

has brought India to its present state of unparalleled prosperity as "ruinous misrule." Preaching these and similar doctrines as he went his way he found himself occasionally misunderstood. A published commentary upon the drift of things in the United States brought upon him caustic rejoinder. "England," wrote a New York paper, discussing his screed, "sends many fool-travellers to the United States, but never before such a fool as this." Perhaps the most delightful chapter in the book contains his account of a morning call upon DISRAELI, whom he desired to convert in his old age to Socialistic principles. The interview lasted three hours. "Lord Beaconsfield," writes Mr. HYNDMAN, with the *naïveté* that endears him to the reader, "had an attack of illness shortly afterwards and died within a few weeks."

One trivial objection I have to make against LUCAS MALET'S long-expected new novel, *Adrian Savage* (HUTCHINSON), and then I can get on with the more congenial task of praising it whole-heartedly. Since, to one who knows anything whatever of the neighbourhood, the identity of her "Stourmouth" (with its undercliff drives, its pine forest and its consumptives) positively leaps to the eye, I was constantly irritated at the superfluous and unconvincing disguise. Why on earth not say Bournemouth, and have done with it? Still, this is a tiny blemish on a very remarkable achievement—the best thing, I incline to think, that Mrs. HARRISON has yet given us. There are two sets of characters in the book, only united so far as they touch the fortunes of *Adrian Savage*—the charming society of upper-class, artistic Paris, amongst which he moves as journalist and man of affairs;



and the provincial circle of Branksome Park (to discard pseudonyms) into which his duties as a trustee take Adrian, and where he meets Joanna, who falls in love with him. Joanna, the warped, unlovable heiress of a bullying father, not only imagines herself engaged (on wholly inadequate grounds) to her wonderful young cousin, but incidentally in doing so simply swamps every other character in the book. It is no disparagement to the author's skill to say that beside the tragedy of this one figure the rest seem puppets. Joanna, with her luxurious empty life and her delusions, is almost terribly alive; she dominates author and reader alike. Her story could hardly be a cheerful one; but of the force and insight with which it has been told there can be no two opinions. A book that lingers in the memory.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE WAS not a romantic prince, as Miss MARJORIE BOWEN is the first to admit. His political and military genius is a matter of historical record; but the man himself had not the dramatic touch, the gift of appreciating and living up to the sentiments which his deeds might be expected to arouse in his audience and indeed in himself. It is certain that he displayed no emotions; it is doubtful if he felt any; in the result, he could not inspire popularity. Categorically insisting on this fact, Miss BOWEN has yet contrived to weave a most romantic and dramatic tale from the incidents of his career. LOUIS, JAMES, MARY and ANNE and all the protagonists of the time appear, but the central figure is always WILLIAM'S: and, without any distortion of the known facts, you are

compelled to follow his story as you would follow that of the most popular hero imaginable. The truth is that he is stated to be one thing and portrayed as another; for, if you take the trouble to refer back, when your first excitement has abated, you will find that he says and does no single thing that is not intensely attractive and, in the better sense, theatrical. For your own enjoyment, however, you will do well to leave that objection, together with a split infinitive or two, to the pedants, and read *God and the King* (METHUEN) for a magnificent story quite magnificently told.

I can remember a very good short story by Mr. OLIVER ONIONS about a highwayman, and in *Good Boy Seldom* (METHUEN) he has told us another, a long one this time, with the Strand for the highway and flash-light advertisements for the pistols of his hero. *Good Boy Seldom*, whose other name was *James Enderby Wace*, came from Yorkshire, and to the Yorkshireman's hardness of body and head he added a dreamy metaphysical bent, which made him averse

from trafficking in the mere sordid realities of commerce. "Anything is worth what people can be got to give for it," was his motto, and from such small beginnings as the sale of the right to kiss his little sister for a halfpenny (but a penny in the case of *Livy Ryder*, her sweetheart) he rose to the giddy heights of the "Lola Cigarette" and the "Great Exhibition," and finally to juggling with six limited liability companies on the capital of one. Mr. ONIONS has written, as I say, a very good story, and for two things especially I thank him: he has made me sympathise with a hero who was an absolute scoundrel from beginning to end—always a grateful sensation; and he has described so intimately the life of certain citizens of Ford, and especially

the social organisation of the *Warrender Square* Congregational Chapel, that I began to think at one point that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT must look to his laurels. During the later part of the book the author has not taken much trouble to avoid suggesting certain living personalities, and in more than one way he sails very close to the wind indeed. But he sails with a fine buccaneer on board, and when the Official Receiver and the rapacity of a musical comedy star caused between them the collapse of Mr. Wace's paper piracy, and he was obliged to flee for the Spanish main in good earnest, I confess without shame that I was sorry.

Pasted on the paper wrapper of *Contraband Tommy: a Tale of the Dreadnought Era* (JACK), by Mr. CHARLES GLEIG (late Lieut. R.N.), I find this bald statement: "The £200 Prize Story for Boys." Just that. Neither inside the book nor out can I find a word about the offer or

the competition or the conditions. And that means that there are things going on which even the most alert of us miss. Still, I am afraid a young friend of mine, who would certainly have had a cut at it because he badly wants a new bicycle, would not have won even if I had given him the tip. Mr. GLEIG has earned the money. Personally I am not altogether sure that I approve of a young rascal of a ship's boy who "pinches" a middy's uniform, joins his ship in his name, saves the Commander's life from the fury of King Wanga Wanga of Tabonga, gets mentioned in dispatches, and eventually wins from the Admiralty his gunroom rating. But he'll go down right enough among the youngsters who are destined to make his acquaintance, and that's the great thing.

#### Sins of Society.

It is announced that the list of "doubtful baronets" will be published by the end of the year. A monograph on shady viscounts is also being prepared for the Press.



"RACE-CARD, SIR!"